THE TIMES.

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THE TIMES is a member of the Associated Press—the greatest news-collecting association in the world—and receives over a special wire the full telegraphic news service of the Associated Press—the same news from all over the United States and the world that is simultaneously received by the great dailies of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

BOTH ON A SILVER BASIS.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we find the Philadelphia Record publishing the fact that, while the United States has currency, per head, to the value of $23.59, "in India and in China the total silver circulation" (that is, the total money circulation) "is less than $3.50 per head." The reason for deploring such a revelation is this: The Record, and other journals holding its financial opinions, have for years been instructing us that to have a little real money is to prove the possession of advanced civilization. We have been informed that 95 per cent. of all the world's business is performed with bank checks; that, as the use of clearing-house processes increases actual money becomes less and less necessary, so that it may indeed, after a while, be wholly dispensed with.

And we have been told that the use by France of more actual money than we use supplies proof that the French commercial and financial methods are antiquated and wasteful. Now, however, we have the revelation that, in the matter of getting along without money, India and China are far ahead even of our own country. The natural inference would be that their civilization is in advance of ours. It will be hard for us to accept such a conclusion. But a more shocking one is forced upon us by the Record. Painful as the confession must be to all of us who favor sound money, the two nations referred to as having reduced to the finest point the practice of working with little real money are actually upon a silver basis! It is terrible to think that the Record may be gradually coming around to the position of the organ of the unsound money interest.—Exchange.

IS THE GOLD SYSTEM UPLIFTING?

There are no silver monometalists in this country. It is not impossible that some silver men, socalled, may advocate a policy which would put the nation upon a silver basis; but nobody of any importance has demanded silver alone. The Philadelphia Record, declaring the contrary, urges that somebody is asking for silver monometalism upon the ground that it would "greatly advance" the "trade of this country." We challenge the production of the name of this person and of his authentic utterance. The Record, however, having summoned up this ghost, proceeds to show how much inferior to the gold nations in civilization, and so forth, are such silver countries as "Persia and China and Ecuador"; and so they are. We may all mourn together over that fact. But Turkey is a gold country, just as England is; so is Egypt.

Now, if the silver system be degrading and barbarizing and the gold system be uplifting, may we respectfully inquire why Turkey and Egypt do not begin to rise? Are the Armenian massacres, for example, to be regarded as a demonstration of the purifying and ennobling influence of the use of gold money? Japan is upon a silver basis, and while upon that basis it has leaped into a place among the great nations of the world, developing both military and industrial power with celerity and in such measure as have astonished mankind. What has Turkey accomplished meantime, excepting to sink deeper into the quagmire of a shameless and hopeless barbarism?—Philadelphia Manufacturer.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND still maintains a rigid silence as to his wishes and intentions in regard to a third term. This reticence on his part no doubt prevents some of the leaders of the Democratic party from giving expression to their Presidential aspirations; but whether they will much longer withhold the announcement of their candidacy remains to be seen. Already a movement is said to have been started by Democratic politicians in Washington for the nomination of Governor Matthews, of Indiana, for President, with Senator Daniel, of Virginia, or Senator Gordon, of Georgia, for the second place on the ticket. They say the Republicans of the West are hopelessly divided on the silver question and that with such a combination as either of those mentioned above, the last named section and the South would be assured to the Democracy in November. This, however, is conjecture only. Republican leaders of all sections are very hopeful of the success of their party in November next as can readily be seen by the number of active aspirants among them for the Presidential nomination. There are so many questions not now considered that are liable to figure in the coming campaign that neither side can count confidently on success. A war with Spain or a warlike turn of the Venezuelan complications might change the situation entirely, rendering possible what now seems improbable, and reducing the calculations of the shrewdest politicians to nothing more than idle dreams.

IN the April number of Short Stories appears a story entitled "Deliverance," by Max Nordau, the well-known author of "Degeneration," which shows that a prince's life may be so dreary that even sudden death in battle might not be unwelcome. A pretty tale of the French quarter in New York by Helen W. Pierson is also a feature of the number, as are the illustrations by Keller accompanying it. Other authors of note represented are Andre Theuriet, F. Beissier, F. A. Sweet, W. C. Elam and Rudolph Baumbach. Variety and a careful selection of interesting stories are marked characteristics of this magazine, and are not found wanting in the April number of Short Stories.

THE fear is expressed in some quarters that the present management of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute at Staunton will be continued in control; but it is hoped, for the honor of the State and the welfare of the institution, that no such fears will be realized. To continue the superintendent and most of his assistants in office, after the revelations made by the recent investigation, would be a disregard of the popular will, deserving the severest condemnation, and would react disastrously on the party in power at the next general election.

GENERAL WALKER may not wish the men in grey to parade with the men in blue at New York on the 4th of July next; but, if Congress keeps on stirring up things as it has for the past three months or more we will have a first-class foreign war on our hands before long. Then the commander of the Grand Army of the Republic and all other narrow minded partisans like him will find that the ex-Confederates and their sons are in bravery and patriotism the peers of any men in the Union, no matter what section they may hail from.

THE battleship Indiana met with another accident yesterday just after she had started from Hampton Roads for Port Royal, South Carolina. Only the stem of one of the high pressure valves was bent, and the damage will no doubt soon be repaired. The frequent mishaps to this ill-starred vessel, however, suggest the thought that warships, like individuals, sometimes have a run of bad luck as continuous as it is surprising.

PRESIDENT ZELAYA, of Nicaragua, has so far got the best of the revolutionists, and as he will soon be receiving active assistance from Honduras the rebellion will in all probability be crushed at an early date. Wars in Central and South America, however, are seldom bloody, except in the way of murders and executions.

"Old Lavender."

Edward Harrigan has fortunately reconsidered his determination to give up the New York naturalistic drama, and reappeared in "Old Lavender," one of his strongest plays, but one which has not been seen here in some years. The play is a familiar one, full of humor and pathos, fraught with joy and sorrow, in which the whole gamut of human emotions is run. From life among the lowly and in the palaces of the rich are drawn scenes and incidents which make a play replete with human interest. Mr. Harrigan always seeks the hearts of his audience and always finds them. There was some new business, some new up-to-date lines, but the old story of a brother's treachery was the same as we have seen of yore, and it was just as interesting.

Mr. Harrigan has a place in the drama that is unique and unrivalled. It is a series of living pictures from all kinds of life, involving all sorts and conditions of men. That it is popular is a tribute to Mr. Harrigan's art as well as to his abilities as a stage manager. The play will run the week.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"The Christ of the Big Muddy."

"The Christ of the Big Muddy," also known as "Potter Christ," was a misguided individual who preached up and down the Missouri river about 25 years, particularly in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, Ia. He claimed to be the "Messenger of the New Covenant" as prophesied in Malachi, see iii, 1; also "The Deliverer," Romans xi, 26; "Everlasting Father," Isaiah ix, 6; the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, I Corinthians xv, 45. Besides the above he claimed several other divine titles, among them "Shiloh," "Morning Star," "Prince Michael," etc. He published a book entitled "Revelations Given by Inspiration of God For the Salvation of the Whole World." I have no record of what finally became of this eccentric individual. Some authorities list him among the "False Christs," but none that I have consulted tells where he was born or when and how he died.—St. Louis Republic.

Origin of the Term "a Card."

Here is an extract from a letter of C. W. Ernst: "Boston has added many words to our mother tongue. 'A card' meaning a personal statement in newspapers, is a Boston term and dates back to early times, when men paid their compliments to objectionable crown ministers by printing a 'card' in the newspapers. The idea took immediately, and is still popular. When Robinson & Jones give their workmen a Christmas turkey each, the workmen are apt to put a 'card' in the local paper. This odd use of the word originated in Boston before the Revolution. Like all Boston inventions, it is convenient and 'real cute.'"—Boston Journal.

A SOCIETY ITEM.

A Striking Object Lesson In the Ethics of Nomenclature.

It was at the Emerald ball, and the young society reporter sharpened her wits and her pencils, that full and satisfactory description of each costume might be presented. Surrounding her were those most desirous of seeing their names and gowns in print, and in the crowd stood a shopgirl, gowned in flimsy pink cheesecloth of indescribable cut.

When her turn came for inspection, it was with a hopeless eye that the reporter surveyed the toilet. The artful question, however, was asked, as usual:

"And your name and gown?"

"Miss Matilda Jenkins, attired in pink crepon and diamonds," was the studied and prompt reply.

"Pink crepon," wrote the newspaper woman, delighted with the new and elegant name for cheesecloth, but her pencil refused to add "and diamonds" until her quick eyes had discovered on the girl's collar a tiny rhinestone as big as a pinhead. Then "and diamonds" went down in the notebook as proudly as if announcing tiaras and stomachers of purest luster.

The next day all the girls behind a notion counter exclaimed enviously over a well worn newspaper clipping which read, "Miss Matilda Jenkins, attired in pink crepon and diamonds," and when the society reporter glanced over the printed words she felt never a pang as to the accuracy of the information she had given to the public.—New York Times.

De Tabley and His Books.

The side on which I was most capable of appreciating Lord de Tabley's gifts as a collector was the bibliographical. If I am anything of a connoisseur in this direction, I owe it to his training. His zeal in the amassing of early editions of the English poets was extreme; he was one of those who think nothing of hanging about a bookshop at 6 o'clock in the morning waiting for the shutters to be taken down. But his zeal was eminently according to knowledge. He valued his first edition for the text's sake, not for the bare fact of rarity. Every book he bought he read, and with a critical gusto. A little anecdote may illustrate his spirit as a collector. In 1877 he secured, by a happy accident, a copy of Milton's "Poems" of 1645, a book which he had never met with before. Too eager to wait for the post, he sent a messenger round to my house with a note to announce not merely the joyful fact, but—this is the interesting point—a discovery he had made in the volume—namely, that the line in the "Nativity Ode," which in all later editions has run—

Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing,

originally stood—

The enamel'd arras of the rainbow wearing,

"which," as he said, "is a grand mouthful of sound and ever so much better than the weak 'like glories.'"—Contemporary Review.

Diamantine.

A very attractive ornamental art of recent introduction is, as stated, the production of an imitation beadwork on fabrics of various kinds by means of what is known as glass powder, or "diamantine," the result being patterns which present an appearance similar to that exhibited by glass beads on close or open meshed fabrics. The method of operation in carrying out this idea is said to be simple—that is, the fabric is coated by means of molding boards with resinous substances, composed of, say, 60 parts of guaiacum and 30 parts of shellac, dissolved in 100 parts of alcohol, 10 parts of glycerin being added to the solution under continuous stirring. After the composition has been carefully distributed over the surface of the fabric the glass powder is strown on it and firmly pressed by repeated rolling, etc., the glass powder being prepared by thorough pulverizing or pounding, and may be of any or many colors.—New York Sun.

Register Spotters.

"Many register spotters are women," said a conductor, "and the men are constantly on the lookout for them. As soon as they are known the tip is passed along the line, and the conductors point out the women to each other, and then take especial delight in forgetting to ring up fares and then making a note of the fact and turning it in to the division superintendent. One woman spotter that I knew used to work the pin racket. She would stick a pin in a cushion in one pocket and another pin in a cushion in an opposite pocket when the register bell rang. I know of one conductor who was discharged for jumping off his car to buy a paper of pins, which he presented to her."—Philadelphia Press.

AMONG THE SHEAVES.

O Lord, the fields are ripe with corn;
The laborer goeth singing;
His joyful heart is heavenward borne
On music's pinion winging;
The sky is fair, with here and there
A downy cloudlet sweeping;
Lord, in this time of happy cheer
What do I with my weeping?

Oh, shame, among the golden sheaves
To stain the day with mourning!
Oh, shame on him who idly grieves,
God's harvest blessing scorning!
The heavens above look down in love;
The earth smiles back victorious;
By hill and vale where'er you rove
The harvest fields shine glorious.

But on my soul a sadness lies,
Made deeper by the story
Of nature's patient sacrifice
Thus perfected to glory.
Each faithful heart hath borne its part,
The autumn treasure sharing,
But I, I only know the smart
Of failure and despairing.

O Lord, had all these weary days,
These wasted weeks of grieving,
Been spent in showing forth thy praise,
I had had corn for sheaving.
Not empty hand and empty land
Had been my harvest measure,
Nor sad and stricken should I stand,
A mark for thy displeasure.

Lo! yet there comes a thought to me;
I see the poor and lowly
With bended head and bended knee
Go gleaning, gleaning slowly.
They did not sow, they did not mow;
Dropt ears is all they gather.
Wouldst take such labor even now—
My gleanings, O my Father?

—E. E. Kitton in Good Words.

THE BREAD OF THE WORLD.

What This Important Food Is Made of In Different Countries.

In England and America wheat bread is within the reach of all, and scarcely is a thought given to the fact that only a small portion of the earth's inhabitants enjoy it. It is only during the last century that wheat bread has come into common use. A hundred years ago wealthy families in England used only a peck of wheat a year and that at Christmas, eating oat cakes during the remainder of the time.

The German "pumpernickel" is a rye bread with a curious, sour taste, but after eating it awhile one acquires quite a taste for it. It is less nutritious than that of wheat. In the poorer parts of Sweden the people bake their rye bread only twice a year and store it away, so that eventually it is as hard as bricks.

Farther north still barley and oats become the chief bread corn. But in the distinct north is where man is put to thought to provide himself with bread. In Lapland if a man trusted to grain he would starve, so the people eke out their scanty store of oats with the inner bark of the pine, and after grinding this mixture it is made into large flat cakes, which, after all, are not half bad.

In dreary Kamchatka the pine or birch bark by itself, well ground, pounded and baked, constitutes the whole of the native bread food. Bread and butter is represented by a dough of pine bark spread with seal fat. In certain parts of Siberia the people not only grind the pine bark, but cut off the tender shoots, which procedure must give the bread an unpleasantly resinous flavor.

In Iceland the lichen is scraped off the rock, made into bread puddings and put into soup. In Russia and China buckwheat is pressed into service. It makes a palatable bread, though of a dark violet tinge.

In Italy and Spain chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal and used for bread and soup thickening. Millet furnishes a white bread in Arabia, Egypt and India. This grain is credited with being the very first used in breadmaking.

Rice bread is still the staple food of the Chinese, Japanese and Indians.

In the Indian archipelago the starchy pith of the sago palm is made into bread, and in parts of Africa the natives use a certain root for the same purpose.

Sitting Up Late.

There is nothing so tends to shorten the lives of old people and to injure their health as the practice of sitting up late, particularly in the winter evenings. This is especially the case when there is a grown up daughter in the family. We publish this item at the earnest request of several young men.—London Tit-Bits.